









Joseph and America









Chapter 1 by Clayton Taylor

Joseph, a boy of 13 living the in Andes mountains, was learning how to live the life of a potato farmer. His father before him was a local hero in potato farming, able to bring about the tastiest spuds from the dirt. His grandfather had these gifts, too, and all the greats before him. "This isn't a life of luxury," his father would tell him, "And it's not an easy life, either. But when you see the smoke coming from the houses all around, and you smell what you raised from the ground cooking all around you, it brings a tear to your eye."

Joseph's mother, on the other hand, didn't share her husband's affinity for these ground foods. She was a painter, and made the most beautiful paintings with what she could scrounge up, but was never pleased with her creations, so the family used them as fuel for the potato dinners they had almost every night. Joseph must have come from this side of the family, because he had the imagination of any star struck child listening to stories of far way places. He wanted to see what the world offered him, and though he lived amongst the most powerful beauty that Earth had to offer which was the mountains, waking up every day to them seemed to have a watering down effect. One day, Joseph found his chance to see the mysterious world he lived in.

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